





DEAR SIR:—I beg to acknowledge receipt of your, which bears no date but that I am sure is of the same date. I am sorry I cannot write peculiarly, for I am much agitated by the effort just to hand. You tell me that every particle of anything that I ever gave that, etc., etc., unfortunate woman you have consigned to the flames, that you return my photos and request me to return to you her photos, finishing up with some choice language. I replied, but I cannot return the photos, as they are lost. I very much regret having to do so. I feel sure that if you knew the whole truth of this most deplorable affair, you will be the first to exonerate me and this poor girl and blame yourself for being too hasty. I must first inform you that between this unfortunate girl and myself



know it will be hard for you to believe this but nevertheless I must confess to having loved her, but I loved her because she has suffered so much, and she often used to come to me crying and I in her troubles always sympathized with her. She often came here sick and saying she wished to die, only for the sake of the children she would live, for without her what would become of them? She sometimes even came not in her proper dress, for being in the hot weather she brought her proper dress but left it out in the open before leaving her, but believe me I never looked on her with any other eye than that of a friend. She did whatever she desired in my bedroom, and I always stayed here or went out for a time. I loved her too much to take any advantage of the situation or to do anything that would cause her to dislike me and hate me ever afterwards. We even went so far as to engage ourselves (rather a funny engagement as long as you lived) but nevertheless it was made that in the event of your death before one of us that we should marry one another and how she has been for addressing or signing herself as "loving Maud" (I always called her Maud after the engagement) or whatever you found on the blotting paper. That we could not exchange rings was a joke with my photo and which you saw. This has been the length of our intimacy. When you struck me on the hand I had almost expected this long before it came, but I had resolved never to strike you in return (and as you well know I never tried to hit you for the sake of getting the names in the papers and also the name of the poor girl, and for this reason I said I should run away. When she left you and you informed her through Wilkinson, the lawyer, that you desired her to go away, she did not like to go and on asking why, I learnt that she had some things to pay to different persons and could not go away for fear her name might be dragged before the public. I then told her that I would give her some money to pay off these debts and be free, and finally she decided to go into the Convent in obedience to your wishes. I did all this purely in a brotherly way, for she had no one to stand by her, not even—I am sure if you asked her if it were not so, I do not think she will deny, but beyond this I tell you honestly and truly there has been no sin committed. I only hope and pray that time may show and prove to you that you have been wrong from the beginning and that when you come to the right way of thinking, you will, I feel sure, be the first to make amends for the unfortunate past. Yes, I may say I have known of the troubles between you two for some time past, and this, and this alone, drove her to me, for we did look upon ourselves as something more than friends, but not more than a brother and sister. She often said, "Oh, how can I endure all these insults; surely I was made for something more than to be a slave to that man," or cried bitter, bitter tears, and seeing a woman whom I looked upon as a sister and a friend in tears moved me to the quick, and from thenceforth it was my every endeavour to make or to try to make her life happy. I again say that there is not a more virtuous woman in Shanghai notwithstanding the accusations made in a letter to the effect that I called me all the most unkind names you could think of. Yes, we were both wrong, I, in allowing her to come here, and she in coming, but we thought it no wrong since no one could accuse us of wrong, and all was done in an open way. I write this to let you know that she is pure and chaste and I suppose the destruction of my gift and the exchange of photos is the first step towards reconciliation. I do not like you to think that whatever I did I did to offend a poor girl who was most unhappy, and I sympathizing with her I began to like her and to love her. The more I heard of your troubles the more I loved her for bearing up so well her cup of bitterness. If it were not for the children I believe she would have committed suicide, for she said, "You know I take laudanum and I take a little more all the time." This was said only to let you know that she loved her too much to suggest a wrong or commit a sin, and I know full well that any advances of that nature she would resent, and would make me an enemy of her for life, instead of the loving friend and a brother she found in me. I write this now and I have no doubt she will ask you to all I have said to her here. I do not desire you to do reparation for any wrong that you may have done to me, but I have no doubt you will show and prove to me that you think I acted for the best. That you have been kind to her and never given her cause for complaint, she would never have got to dislike you and have come to me for my sympathy, and I shall never have got to love her. But now all is past, since I presume she is returning to you. I hope that you will, when you have thoroughly reflected all, that you will come to your senses and for once put aside your pride and say that you have made a mistake, that you thought ill of her when there was not the slightest ground for it, and having found yourself in the wrong you will do your utmost to make all haste by making it public that you have been in the wrong, that you were too hasty in your actions, and that you were willing to make the best of a bad business. You must declare your own, the poor girl pure and chaste and faultless, as she is, and I shall have to take care to get back her reputation which should never have been stained. To you yourself I say if it would befriend me. Is it not a fact that you protested against some of the letters he wrote?—Yes, I expected me to write long letters, and it was so difficult to write all the people about the place. But it is not a fact you protested with regard to the subject he wrote to you upon?—I cannot say I protested. I used to say, "Write a little so that I can answer." He used to write me such long letters and said, "You don't reply to me; you don't tell me all that you do," and I said, "Write a little to me."

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the Mother Superior if I did not stop taking it. I said, "Don't expose me about taking this wretched opium and I will try and give it up if you will not say anything."

Cross-examined by Mr. Brown:—You have complained of your husband neglecting you, how did you expect him to get his living if he did not go to the office?—When they return from the office most gentlemen take their wives out for the afternoon, or occasionally do so. I was always left alone.

As a matter of fact did you not ask Mr. Reeks to go and take exercise?—No, I used to tell him to go sometimes, but he would go away. Mr. Brown:—I should like to read this letter.

7, Wanchang Road, 12th December, 1893.

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—I have no doubt you will be surprised to get this note from me. I ask you to grant me a favour and read it.

Arthur, the last few days I have often thought of you. You do not know how sorry I am, how sorry I am for all the trouble I have brought on you. I am, when I think of the past, very, very sad, and I pray you will forgive me. Arthur do forgive me. I have resolved to lead a better life and I pray that God will help me. Oh! I do pray that you will forgive me for what I have done.

Arthur, come and see me soon. Arthur, we both took an oath before God to love one another as husband and wife. I have behaved and said things which I never ought to have done, and how sorry I am you can never know. Do forgive me and let me be again what I was once to you. Once more I ask you to forgive me, and believe me when I say how very, very sorry I am for what I have done. Do come and see me soon. I want you to come very much. Do come please.

Your wife. DOLLIE.

Arthur, after writing this and reading it I think you may think it is my wish that you will take me back at once. No, I do not write that; I am prepared to stay here for some time till I am worthy of you. I have done wrong and accept this as a penance. I am trying to become a good woman and more worthy of you. I am sincerely sorry for the past.

Cross-examined. You have stated that Mr. Reeks used to use foul language when he came to see you, now if that is a fact why did you write that letter?—I had not seen Mr. Reeks when I wrote that letter, and when I went to the Convent I was told he might take me back. I wrote that letter and Mr. Reeks being kind or given me to understand that he would take me back. In reply to that Mr. Reeks wrote, "You do well to think of the vow you took when we were married. You do well to ask me to forgive you; you do well to ask me to pardon you; you do well to ask me to love you again," and then he went on to enumerate all the things I had done, so I lost heart.

With regard to the opium, you told us Mr. Reeks never gave you any opium; Mr. Rutledge did not know I was taking opium; Mr. Rutledge did not know.



